

# LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &C.

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## LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

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AGENTS.—THOMASTON, J. D. Barnard, S. S. Singer, BELFAST, Washburn & Jordan; Union Henry Russell, Jr., E. Cobb, Hove, and Payson; JOSEPH RIVER, A. Martin; WARREN, S. B. Wetherbee; CAMDEN, George Peniston; ARRIETON, John M. Fuller; WALDOBORO, Isaac T. Hall; WIN. H. Barnard.

### Mademoiselle D'Luzy.

This lady, the governess of the children of the Duchess de Praslin, and for love of whom, the Duke, it is supposed murdered his wife, has excited great curiosity in France by the evidence she has given in various ways of uncommon powers of mind. Her correspondence with various persons has been produced for legal examination, and from these letters, M. J. Argo, (says the *Courier des Eux* Unis,) has extracted sentiments, of which the following are specimens:

When I was younger, it was my life to think: now I only seek how to escape thought or allay it.

Virtue is a title—they say, and we allow: but confess, my beautiful friend, that the title of Countess or Marchioness is much more valued.

You tell me you have no love in your heart: happy unhappiness! How I envy you and how I pity you!

The heart is like the legs: it tires of perpetual change of place.

Poor governesses:—till they have wings instead of arms, even carresses worthy of a guardian angel will be looked upon as interested and designing.

The enemy of woman, most dangerous and mortal, is—opportunity!

A ball is the most eloquent teacher of immorality of which I have any knowledge.

Believe me, Florine, the wrinkles of the heart are less manageable than those of the forehead. At eighteen, I was, at heart, thirty!

If conscience does not point the finger at you, you may laugh, at the opinions, with regard to you, which others entertain.

He who loves love, loves many things: he who loves glory loves but one.

The guardian angel, the most sure, of woman, is—indifference!

Tell a man that you love him, but do not respect him, he only raises his shoulders: tell him you respect, but do not love him, and the offence is only bounded by his capacity of anger.

At sixteen we women love more: at thirty we love better.

How many women lose themselves, only to establish a comparison with some other woman who possesses their imagination: desire and curiosity are more of twins than is commonly thought.

How poverty-stricken is language.—We say a girl, and we say a girl. It is a consolation in one meaning, and a shame in another. Why is this left subject to double meaning?

They say that woman has a great deal of heart: how much truer it would be to say that she has a great many hearts!

My poor friend! you talk of joy: what is it but a gleam of the sun, with a cloud preceding and overtaking it!

A FACT.—A physician in a certain city, who took much pride in the technicalities belonging to his profession, and perhaps thought it necessary to surround his small person with a halo of great, swelling words, was once called to visit a very poor Irish laborer, who was fast going in a consumption. The poor man had lost his voice, and the learned doctor addressed this question to the wife:

"My good woman, does your husband expectorate much?"

"Expectorate to ate—is it your honor? And how should the poor soul expect to ate much, when he has nothing before him to ate at all, except empty dishes entirely?"

THE ODDS AGAINST CHARITY. Everpoint, the correspondent of the *St. Louis Revue*, relates the following story of an Irishman, who while in Canada, went to church, for a wonder, and what is not so wonderful, after the sermon a collection was taken up. The relation says:

Well round comes a box, with a hole in it not a plate, you understand—and the priest kept looking at me, hard, and I had nothing in my vest pocket but eight sovereigns and one English shilling—the same sized coin, d'ye mind—and I had not the face to take all out before him and give him the shilling; I'd a blushed to have done it my boy, besides, you know it wasn't a plate, but I wished to make change; so here goes, says I, and I put my fingers on the first coin, without feeling, and see now the villain's luck; there was eight to one against him, and, by the Lord, he got the shilling.

A BLOW UP. A Powder Mill was struck by lightning, at Nashville, Tenn., during a violent shower on the 11th inst., causing an awful explosion. About one hundred houses were destroyed, and many lives lost. Ten dead bodies have already been recovered from beneath the sad ruins.

"Is not one man as good as another?" asked a *Chartist* of a *Republican*. "Sure he is," replied Mr. O'Brien, "and a great deal better."

## HARVEST HOME.

BY S. WADSWORTH.

When mellow Autumn yields  
All her golden treasures,  
Then those who dressed the fields  
Partake of harvest pleasures.  
Thus, lands, is Harvest Home:  
Those who labor daily  
Well know 'tis sweet to come,  
And pass the evening gayly.  
Then let each heart beat light,  
Here's no room for sorrow,  
Joy hold her court to-night,  
Care may call to-morrow.

Now labor wipes his brow,  
Rest and plenty wait him;  
Barn, cellar, rick and mow  
Are filled to recreate him.  
Seythe, sickle, rake and hoe,  
All are now suspended,  
Like trophies, in a row,  
For future use intended.

Then let each heart beat light, &c.  
Now gay Pomona's store  
Past exertions blesses;  
Rich streams of nectar pour,  
Sparkling from her presses.  
Full goblets, streaming board,  
Crown the farmer's labors,  
These real bliss afford.

When shared by jovial neighbors,  
Then let each heart beat light, &c.

### Making an Appearance.

"What do you intend to bring your son Charles up to my dear madam?" said Dr. Turner to Mrs. Watkins whose husband, an old friend of the doctor's had died recently.

"I am quite undecided," she answered; "Charles does not appear to have a preference for any thing in particular. I should rather prefer a profession for him; but as that will be attended with considerable expense, I fear quite beyond my means. I must be content that he follow some genteel occupation."

"Writing in a lawyer's office, or serving behind a druggist's counter, for instance interrupted the doctor impatiently. 'Genteel occupation' nonsense.—Give him a trade, my dear madam; give him an occupation at his fingers' ends, and then he will be independent of that spirit-destroying misery, keeping up an appearance."

"But surely, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Watkins, "you do not disapprove of people making a genteel appearance in the world? Trade is so low—and I must say, as his dear father was a respectable chemist, I should not like to see Charles descend below that."

"Descend, indeed!" returned the doctor—"now Jane," for in his anxiety to set the good lady right, he threw off his ordinary formality, and addressed her in a style that his long friendship for her husband might warrant.

"Now Jane, how can you talk such nonsense? Does a tailor or a shoemaker descend by practising his handicraft to earn his bread, any more than I descend by visiting my patients to earn mine?"

"You have known me many years, it is true, but you never heard, perhaps the hard struggles I had to make before I could rise in my profession. It is not ability alone ensures success to the professional aspirant; without patronage, talent is almost a dead letter. It takes a little fortune to educate a youth for any of the professions, and another fairly to start him in the world. Without money and influential connexions, one had better be a common laborer than a professional man."

"When I left college and entered on my worldly career, I had all the ardor of a youthful and sanguine mind, added to a real love for art. I married a young and beautiful girl. She was good also—but she had not a penny, and my own fortune was small. As I felt my inability, with the limited means I possessed, to compete with doctors long established in the metropolis, I decided on trying my fortune in one of the provincial towns. I took a good house, and furnished it in a handsome style, put a brass-plate on the door engraved with 'Doctor Turner' in large letters, engaged a pew at church, hired a tall boy whom I put in a drab livery, and was only withheld from setting up my *Pillbox* by the conviction that my finances would not stand it."

"Well, during the excitement of making these preparations, our spirits kept pace with our exertions; but when all was completed, and the circulars distributed, we found abundant leisure to calculate the mow we had made on our slender means."

"We kept up a good heart, however, and every morning I left home regularly at ten o'clock, not to visit my patients, though I would have the neighbors think so. Weeks after weeks passed away, these at length grew into months, and still I could obtain no practice. I had made a grand mistake in commencing where I was in utter stranger, and in a provincial place, too. I should have had a far better chance in London; and I could now easily foresee that I should have to wait until some lucky event might bring my capabilities into notice."

"Wearily and drearily passed the time. My poor wife, (I should have sunk without her,) soothed my disappointment with unobtrusive tenderness. She never was tired of prognosticating ultimate success."

"As for me, I was sometimes well-nigh frantic. On the wearisomeness of having nothing to do. I envied the daily laborer as he went forth to his toil, and felt that I would willingly change places with the baker or the butcher, as they

went their morning rounds. I was worse off than the apothecary over the way, because, being a physician, my fee was an obstacle to my being consulted by any but gratis patients, to whom I gave audience every morning from eight till ten."

"And then the imperative necessity of maintaining servants of whom we had little need, and of incurring the thousand expenses of keeping up an appearance, and which we could ill afford, drove me nearly to despair. Our means were fast diminishing, and we began to contemplate making some reduction in our establishment, which would have infallibly been the death-blow to all our hopes and wishes."

"Six months had passed since we had launched our little bark on the stormy ocean of the world, and never yet had my hand tingled at the touch of a fee, when one evening the waiter from the head hotel came hastily to my door, and enquired for the doctor." You may be sure I did not keep him waiting, and he begged me come as quickly as possible to a lady who had been taken suddenly ill, as, in company with her husband, she was passing through the town."

"I accompanied the man on the instant, and on being ushered into the bed-room, perceived that my patient was suffering under an attack of the influenza. Her husband, who was in a state of extreme excitement, besought me to use my utmost endeavors to restore his wife to health quickly, as their journey was one on which much depended, and great evil might arise from their delay. I assured him that I would do my best, but the disease was one which required good management and patience, as, if it were improperly treated, it might terminate fatally."

"This complaint had been making sad havoc among our town's people, and the doctor had reaped golden harvests from their methods of treating it, in some instances contriving to keep their patients for weeks and even months on their list, while many invalids exchanged the sick-bed for the grave."

"The means I adopted with my patient were altogether different from those generally pursued in similar cases, so that on the next day the lady was much relieved, while her husband shook my hand with warmth, and protested that my skill was absolutely magical."

"In a few days the travelers were able to continue their journey, leaving me weighty proofs of their satisfaction."

"But these were light compared to the benefit I derived from this successful cure. The story spread abroad with inconceivable rapidity, my reputation was established at once, and patients innumerable flocked to my consultation room."

"Our troubles were at an end; one lucky chance had rent the cloud that had hitherto obscured our horizon, and the tide of wealth and fame set in with a rapid current. But it was a mere chance. Had it not occurred, vain had been our efforts, fruitless our struggles—we must shortly have sunk into poverty and obscurity."

"I am now independent; but I declare that, were my time to come over again, I would choose some handicraft by which to obtain a livelihood, rather than encounter the horrors of being compelled to keep up an appearance on insufficient means."

WORTH OF AFFECTION TOWARD CHILDREN. There is a good deal of truth in the following extract on the manner of treating children. Many persons suppose it necessary to preserve towards the young, in their families, and aspect of dignity and coldness; thus, as they imagine, repelling undue liberties, familiarity of disobedience. But really one gets more from a child by developing the latter's affections, of which all children have an ample store, but they often remain hidden.

"Above all mistakes is that of supposing that the better nature of the child is to be drawn out and raised into the strength which we should desire to see in the man, by making him pass through a cold and cheerless youth. The very contrary is the case. A system of petty restrictions and privations, of severe looks and measured chidings, only result in depriving the feeling and perverting the reason of a young person. He is, in such circumstances, entirely out of harmony with nature. He is like a flower, which requires light and warmth, placed in a cold cellar, where it never can require its proper proportions, or color, or vigor. It is quite impossible that a child so treated, can ever attain to the proper characteristics of a well-constituted man or woman."

A BALTIMORE FEMALE SAILOR BOY.—The following is an extract of a letter from Pensacola, Florida:—

The schooner *St. Marys*, Capt. Black, of Baltimore, with coal, which went ashore on the Tortugas Reef, a short time ago, had a cabin boy of remarkable good looks and smartness, but as the vessel appeared to be in danger, fear overpowered every other consideration, and she blushing confessed herself a boy but a veritable woman in breeches. The Captain was more than ever alarmed at the novel peril, and he said he exhibited great remorse ever since—for sundry thumps and growls bestowed upon her, the common heritage of boys."

At present, she is with a family in this place, and Joanna is a very modest and really a clever girl. The whim of donning attire not belonging to her, is deemed a high offence by some of the ladies of the key, while others equally commend it as a gallant feat, betokening quite an early disposition to "wear the breeches." The affair has assumed a serious aspect, and it is believed that breeches have the majority.

## The Sand Hillers.

We find in the *Winyan* Intelligence, published at Georgetown, South Carolina, the following notice:

"The poor laborers on Black River, and in that neighborhood, are in a state of starvation, many of them being without corn or meal, and none of them having meat. The occasion calls for the aid of the charitable, and efforts will be made to obtain relief for them."

The *Louisville Examiner* asks and replies thus:

"Who are these 'poor laborers'?"

"There is a class of poor whites in the Carolinas, and most of the Southern states, peculiar in character, and unknown generally to the country. They are so called because they cluster together in the poorest regions, and there live by hunting, fishing, raising a little stock, making tar and charcoal, and attending to poultry. They are very ignorant. Not one out of fifty can read or write, and what is worse, they change not as time winnows down the old, and supplies their places with the young. As is the case, so is the son."

And these sand-hillers are as peculiar in dress and look as they are in character. They are marked in any crowd. Dressed always in the plainest homespun, home-made and widely cut, often without shoes, but when using them, wearing the coarsest kind, with slouched hats of cheapest texture, having no blood in their cheeks, their eyes black, and their hair lank, they are as distinct a race as the Indian. In some respects, they are not unlike them. They love to roam the woods, and be free there; to get together for frolic and fun; to fish and hunt; to chase wild cattle;—but here the similarity ends; for they are wanting in personal daring, and in that energy of character which makes a man. We do not know one of them who ever gained station in society, or became distinguished by his deeds. And it is this class to whom the *Georgetown Intelligence* alludes, we conclude, when it speaks of the 'poor laborers' on Black River and neighborhood."

How came they in their present condition?

Their history is quickly told. It is a sad one, and we never think of it without sorrow.

In the early settlement of the Carolinas, everybody pressed upon the water courses. Poor as well as rich, made bold upon, or near their banks. There were, at first, very few negroes; consequently, the latter needed the labors of the former, to house their crops and clear their lands. All got along well, then. But the slave-trade, with its accursed ills, began soon after, and by and by, planters had their places stocked with slaves. As these slaves increased, the poor began to feel their degradation. A bitter hatred grew up between these classes. It led often to violence. The larger planters in consequence, began to buy up the poor men's land, the poor men, in turn, became anxious to sell; and they did so. But where were they to go? South of Carolina was a wilderness; the good lands on the water-courses, in the State, were in possession of rich planters. They had no alternative left, as they thought, but to herd together on the sand-hills, and there they and their still live."

Their choice of place is significant enough of their feeling, and of the cause of their removal. They made their location in neighborhoods where neither large nor small planters could molest them. They got where they could live without being disturbed or worried by the continued sight of slaves."

Now and then, you will find a few of the more debased sort gathered close by towns; but generally they are some ten, fifteen, or twenty miles back. What the land would yield which they call their own,—for often they 'squint,' as the phrase is, on the state's or others' property,—it is difficult to say. But the best of it, on the average, would not return ten bushels of corn to the acre; the most of it not five. They grow sweet potatoes, melons, a little cotton for home use, and now and then a bag, or half a bag, for market. But things are where they are, and as they are, because slavery with its biting social ills, beats them away from the richer soil, and keeps them hopelessly down and debased on the barren hills."

What are their peculiarities of mind?

The fact that they left the neighborhood of large plantations, and sought a sort of wild-wood liberty, shows that they have some notions of personal freedom. They have. But they are very crude. It was their condition which induced us to think first on the subject of slavery, and we endeavored, in conjunction with the lamented Grinke, to hit upon some plan by which we could improve this. We sought them out in their hovel homes. We endeavored to win their regard, and secure their confidence. We succeeded in this, but we failed, wholly, in every effort to induce them to change their mode of life. The ruling idea uppermost in their minds seemed to be hatred of labor, under the conviction that it degraded them, because it put them on an equality with the slaves. An anecdote will illustrate this feeling:

One of their number had a fine, intelligent boy. He was one that would have attracted notice in any boyhood gathering. We proposed to the father that he should be educated. "Let him go with us to the town," said we, "and we will send him to school, and see what can be done with him." "And what then?" asked he, eyeing us, as if suspicious that some wrong was to follow. "Why," we continued, "when he has been educated, we can send him to the carriage maker, Mr. C., and let him learn a trade." "Never!"

he quickly, almost fiercely, rejoined, with a harsh oath. "My son shall never work by the side of your negroes, and Mr. C.'s negroes, calling planters' names whose slaves were being taught the trade, and be ordered about by Mr. C., as he orders them about." He was fixed. No argument, entreaty, appeal to interest, could move him. The idea uppermost in his mind was the idea of his class—that labor was degrading; and he would rather his son should be free in the forest, if ignorant, than debased in the city, though educated, by a menial task."

What hope is there for them?

We see none. Nothing, certainly, but the removal of slavery can induce them to change their present condition. They will not labor in the field while they think a degrading; nor become artisans or mechanics while slaves are such. As for educating them, scattered as they are, the effort seems almost hopeless! Up and down the river where these 'poor laborers,' that the *South Carolina* paper talks of, live, and all around Georgetown, there are large rice and cotton estates. Many of the owners of them are very wealthy; a majority rich. Yet there is no sort of connection, or sympathy, between these planters and the sand-hillers. They are as far apart as two races well can be. We speak now of social separation; for we are sure the moment they heard the 'poor laborers' were starving, these planters did what was necessary, and more, to relieve their wants. But we fear, coming time will find them as they are now—alone, ignorant, degraded, the victims of a blighting curse!

The creation of these sand-hillers illustrates the effect of slavery in its extreme, or when pushed to its farthest limit. Take one town, near the centre of South Carolina, and make a line for ten miles south of it along the river on one side, looking three miles back, and we question whether you will find over ten planters! They have each from one hundred to two, three, four or five hundred slaves! Many of these slaves, too, are mechanics! Necessarily, therefore, the towns want, the poorer classes emigrate, as well as the young and enterprising; and the ignorant or sand-hill class escape to the huts for freedom! according to their notion of it."

So much for the 'poor laborers' of Black River and its neighborhood! for the unfortunate sand-hillers of the Carolinas!"

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE. On Sunday evening last, a very large audience attended the N. Pearl street Baptist Church, attracted in part by the fame and eloquence of the pastor, Dr. Welch, and partly, we doubt not, in consequence of the announcement made from the pulpit in the morning, that the rite of marriage would be solemnized at the close of the service.

The theme of the Rev. Dr. was the power and goodness of God, chosen as the basis for an appeal to the christian charities and warm sympathies of his people, in behalf of the needy widow and children of the late sexton of the North Pearl street Church—C. S. Morton—who, though a colored man, was noted for his estimable christian character, habits of industry, strict integrity, and learning and intelligence, beyond the great majority of his class and complexion. The discourse was characterized by all the high and admired qualities which have placed Dr. Welch in the front rank of pulpit orators and extemporaneous preachers, and the appeal was not made in vain. In the midst of one of his happiest illustrations, and with voice and gesture admirably suited to the sentiment, he looked out upon the audience and exclaimed—"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"

The wedding party having been notified of the time fixed upon for the performance of the nuptial ceremony, had stationed themselves at the foot of the stair-way, in readiness for the signal, which was to be communicated by the sexton. The latter, when he heard the exclamation—"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"—and saw the gesture, verily believed the time for the marriage had arrived, and immediately beckoned the party to approach.

They promptly obeyed the summons, and Bride and Bridegroom, Bride's-maid and Groom's-man, marched solemnly upon the broad aisle to the pulpit. The Dr. was in the midst of his discourse. The whole audience saw the awkwardness of the occurrence, many understood the true cause of the mistake and looked to see the preacher embarrassed and the nuptial party placed in a painful predicament.—But in this they were disappointed. Closing the sentence thus curiously interrupted, Dr. Welch calmly stepped down from the pulpit, and almost before the echo of his voice in the utterance of his discourse had died away, he was heard addressing the candidates for marriage in a manner most appropriate to the occasion, and in the beautiful style and fervid eloquence for which he is so celebrated.

The ceremony over, the wedding party retired, and the preacher, unconcerned as if nothing unusual had occurred, re-ascended into the desk, and taking up his subject at the precise point where he had left it, (though he used no written notes,) proceeded to finish his sermon. So admirably was the awkward incident managed, that we doubt whether the party occasioning it ever suspected anything wrong.

[Albany Express.]

The present commotion in Europe is curious.—Protestant England supporting Papal Rome against Catholic Austria and Catholic France.

THE AVALANCHE OF THE ROSSBERG.—The avalanche among the Alps, by which the village of Goldau, in the valley of the Arth, in Switzerland, was cut off with all the inhabitants, is an historical incident of a wild and fearful nature, which is often referred to by the orator and the poet. The incident divested of all the imaginative coloring, is thus described in the Rev. Dr. Cheever's interesting work, entitled "The Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the shadow of Mount Blanc and the Jungfrau Alps."

"The summer of 1806 had been very rainy, and on the first and second of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain; a sort of cracking noise was heard internally; stones started out of the ground; detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain; at two o'clock in the afternoon of the second of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Towards the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above; and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man who had been digging in his garden ran away from flight at these extraordinary appearances. Soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed; imperceptibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming.—A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe when told by a young man, running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling. He rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the old man's house carried off all at once."

The details of the destruction of the village in the valley, the inhabitants in many instances being buried in them, are deeply interesting.

"The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the valley of Arth was Goldau, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. I shall relate only one incident. A party of eleven travellers from Berne, belonging to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Arth on the second of September, and set off on foot to the Righi, a few minutes before the catastrophe. Seven of them had got two hundred yards ahead; the other four saw them entering the village of Goldau, and one of the latter, Mr. Jenner, pointing out to the rest the summit of the Rossberg, full four miles off in a straight line, where some strange commotion seemed taking place, which they themselves (the four behind) were observing with a telescope, and had entered into conversation on the subject with some strangers just come up—when, all at once, a flight of stones, like cannon-balls traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of thick dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard. They fled!"

As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends; but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors, one lost a wife to whom he was just married; one a son; a third the two pupils under his care. All researches to discover their remains were, and have been ever since, fruitless.—Nothing is left of Goldau but the bell which was hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off."

TEACH CHILDREN TO LOVE. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who has experienced the joy of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, and would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasures of the heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than cut off his parental affection? Cherish then your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love.—Think it not a weakness. God is love.—Love God—love every body and every thing that is lovely. Teach your children to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the constant object of domestic culture to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Had your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, and love to man.

NO TIME TO READ.—We all find time to do whatever is really a gratification to us; and hence the complaint of no time is in fact no taste for reading. Let the same thing, or the same duty, be done punctually at the same hour every day, no matter how irksome at first, and it will become pleasant. Every man has time to read a few paragraphs in a newspaper, during a rainy day or a long winter evening, or sometimes when waiting for his meals.—The most industrious persons find time to read, and it is only the idle and trifling who can find no time to improve themselves by reading.

Mr. John Lane, of Bangor, Me., on his recent return from Mexico, brought with him several pictures that once adorned the mansion of Santa Ana!

The present commotion in Europe is curious.—Protestant England supporting Papal Rome against Catholic Austria and Catholic France.



## Army Correspondence.

Extract of a letter from Gen. Shields, dated Mexico, Sept. 27, 1847.

I regret to say that I am again suffering under the affliction of another wound, received at the storming of Chapultepec. The wound is from a musket ball, received in the left arm which has occasioned me much pain, but my surgeons assure me the arm is safe. So entire has been my recovery from the former wound that at Puebla I assumed the command of a brigade, consisting of the New York and South Carolina volunteers, and the marine corps, under Lieut. Col. Watson. We marched from Puebla and entered the valley of Mexico with an army amounting in all to ten thousand and two hundred men. Our march was one of extreme difficulty, over roads broken up and filled with rocks. We reached San Augustine on the 18th of August, from whence we saw the enemy's troops and works at Contreras. On the 19th I led two regiments—the New Yorkers and Palmettos—across a route that was deemed impassable by Mexicans for everything but goats, joined the other forces in the night; remained most of the night without shelter or covering, under incessant rain; and joined in the attack in the morning which carried the position, and cut Valencia's whole force to pieces. All this I encountered without suffering any injury from the effects of my former wound. From Contreras I joined in pursuit of the enemy towards Mexico. We came up with the main body of his army at Churubusco. The enemy's force was about thirty thousand. The fortifications were not only exceedingly strong, but their infantry was posted under the cover of embankments, which afforded them such protection as to enable them to fire on us with security. The battle at this place was not only a bloody but a terrible one. The Mexicans determined to make it their last great struggle, and the Americans fought with desperation; knowing that nothing was left for them but success.—Here I lost over half my command killed and wounded.

Some of the noblest officers and bravest men that ever marched to battle, fell on that bloody field. Yet we stormed the whole Mexican army, and drove it panic-struck, into the city; and had I, who happened to be in advance, only been permitted to continue the pursuit into the city, I doubt not, from what we have since heard of their flight, that they would have run through the city, and sought shelter in the mountains. Peace, however, being the great object, it was hoped that the men in front were favorable for that purpose.—Santa Ana, however, who, while being in a composition of treachery, employed the time in preparation for defence, and imposed upon us the further necessity of carrying Chapultepec and taking the city. This was all done, too, in a glorious manner. The whole American force on the ground, exclusive of killed and wounded, when Mexico was taken, was less than 8,000; the whole force employed was little more than 6,000. So, my dear friend, you may tell the world that an army of between 9,000 and 7,000 Americans has taken the city of Mexico, strongly fortified—with an army of between twenty and 30,000 men within its walls. True we have suffered, and suffered severely.—Many a noble spirit has breathed his last in the valley of Mexico; but the glorious results have proved to the world the invincibility of the American arms.

I have the honor to be, your friend and obedient servant. JAMES SHIELDS.

Extract of a letter from Col. George W. Hughes, of the District of Columbia and Maryland, dated at the National Bridge, the 30th of September, 1847.

"You are aware that I had taken possession of this important place with about 100 men, against a very superior force, ten days before Gen. Lane reached us with his 1,500 men.

"I have completely broken up the nest of murderous banditti here, so that any individual may travel between it and Vera Cruz with impunity. On arriving at this post, my feelings were greatly outraged at the barbarity of the Mexican guerrillas, who have so long infested the route. The soldiers who had suffered on the road behind the train, had been severely murdered, stripped naked, brutally mutilated, and exposed; and the remains of one of our officers had been exhumed from the grave and torn limb from limb—food for wolves.

"I determined to teach these people a lesson, which I believe has been a very salutary one. I have shot several, who were identified as having acted with the guerrillas, and having burnt every house within ten miles round, in which public property, plundered from our trains, was discovered. We found knapsacks, camp and garrison equipage, carts, quartermaster's wagons, sperm candles, soldiers' clothing, caps with the names of soldiers in them, boxes of medicine belonging to the medical department, and United States ammunition,—everything indicating a depot of banditti. We have also discovered and destroyed their place of rendezvous. In no case have quiet and peaceable people, men, women or children—been disturbed. The result is, that the fellows are panic-stricken, and have taken themselves off,—not a single shot having been fired into my camp. A few still linger about, but rarely show themselves. Two or three attacked one of my men, by the name of Watts, of Washington city, a few days ago, both mounted and armed. He killed one, from whose body he took a United States dragoon sword and belt; the other he charged upon with his bayonet (after receiving the life of his comrade) and wounded; but the dog escaped. If I only had a squadron of dragoons, I could most advantageously extend my operations.

"Having punished them severely, I offered protection to such as would abandon the guerrillas, come in, trade with us, and remain quiet. They seemed delighted with this, and trade has become quite active. I have assured them that our government wishes to wage no war upon the people of Mexico; but that, as this neighborhood had chosen to make war on its own account, in a guerrilla shape, it could not complain of any consequences which had followed, and would certainly follow, its evil conduct. They replied, that it was all just—that they had had men amongst them, and that they were rejoiced that we had at last taken possession of the National Bridge; for that now

they would have protection against their own robbers, who had forced them to desert their villages. They have been invited to return, and several families are about to return. This course, if followed up with energy, firmness, and discretion, and a sufficient and proper force, will put down the guerrilla system.

"You will see all the news by the next steamer, before this reaches you. The British courier saw Santa Anna yesterday, (the 29th Sept.,) at Puebla, where he was endeavoring to raise money. The impression is, that he is seeking an opportunity to quit the country, knowing that his game is up.

George W. Hughes.

## LIMEROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1847.

"We make the following extracts from the 'New Plant,' which has lately merged its existence with that of the 'State Signal,' and we wish our readers to ponder well upon the statements therein made, and to extend their application further than to the particular case that has given rise to them. It is a hard matter, under the most favorable circumstances, to sustain well a paper out of our cities. It is not always the case that these papers are inferior to many of the city papers,—but granting that they may be so, we think as a matter of convenience and interest, it is not unimportant that a local paper should be published. As an advertising medium, there is certainly a convenience about it, that can be reached in no other way, it is beneficial to the person advertising, and to those who are addressed in these advertisements. And then, there are always local matters more or less, that possess an interest peculiar in themselves, and a record of which finds its way to the public eye in no other mode, if there is no newspaper near.

"Take our own thriving village, growing with a health and vigor unprecedented in the history of 'down east' towns,—increasing vastly in its wealth—its beauty and its improvements; what an inconvenience it would be to have no newspaper to chronicle the incidents that continually occur, and to spread before the public the rapid increase of our business. Eleven numbers more will complete the second volume of the Gazette. We have in contemplation some improvements in our paper, at the end of that time,—in order to keep pace with the various other improvements, and the increasing business prospects of our thriving village,—and which shall render the paper every way worthy the patronage of this community. But in order to do this, it will not only be absolutely necessary that each and every one of our present subscribers pay up their dues previous to the close of the volume, and continue with us,—but that they exert an influence upon their neighbors to subscribe also. A village like ours should support a paper handsomely, and we assure our patrons, and the public, that if sufficient encouragement be given, the Gazette shall not be inferior to any paper in the State. Upon the other hand, if they remain regardless of our interests and their own, and suffer our patronage to be withdrawn, they very well know the consequences which must inevitably follow. But to the extracts:—

"Our subscriptions have been but little more than sufficient to cover the expense of printing the paper, and the prospect of an increase, exceedingly unfavorable.—Had we toiled on for a long time and made every exertion, we might finally have increased our subscription list to a degree sufficient to enable us to take out a meagre subsistence from the paper.—This we would willingly and cheerfully have done had our motive been appreciated. But it is difficult to labor when your labors are regarded with chilling indifference by those whose duty it is to afford a hearty and cheerful patronage to every attempt made to benefit the community.—We were considered by many as leeches upon society, whose only cry was give, give, and which could make no return for the gifts received. We desire not to intrude our labors, where they are not wished. We wish to receive no man's money, when we cannot afford him that in exchange which he shall admit to be an equivalent. Above all things we abominate the idea of being considered a public pauper. In our view of the matter there is but little difference between a public pauper and a town pauper. All things being considered the inference to be drawn is, that we should have received such reluctantly afforded support as the one, that we were in great danger of becoming the other."

"There is a cause, which above all others, has been detrimental to our interests. It is the disposition in the community to patronize foreign papers in preference to those printed in their own neighborhood. Had a greater portion of those in this vicinity who take papers from Boston, New York and Philadelphia, of the same class as that in which ours would be ranked, afforded us the subscriptions which they have sent out of the State, our paper would have had a good circulation.

"At present, Capt. Henry Ulmer, of this village, while examining a barque at West Thomaston on Friday last, walked through an aperture in the second deck, and fell into the lower hold, striking upon the ballast. He was alone at the time, and had lain some minutes before he was discovered. We are happy to learn he is fast recovering, and it is thought no internal injury is incurred.

"The Army. It is estimated, that when all the troops en route for Mexico, shall have joined Gen. Scott's army, his entire force will consist of nearly 30,000 men.

## Singular Fact.

It will be recollected, that a paragraph was published in the papers a few weeks since, giving a very brief account of this interesting incident; and which, no doubt, many were led to believe a "mere fish story." A correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives the following authentic sketch, which we publish with pleasure; adding, upon the authority of the Transcript, that it may be relied upon as strictly true. How strikingly does it illustrate the power of kindness.

[w.]

"About six weeks since, a story was briefly told in your paper, about a little girl's having tamed a turtle and some fishes in a pond at Hingham. This, I presume, many thought, as I did, only a fish story. But it is, I assure you, a true one. Yesterday my business led me to the ancient town of Hingham; and I was there invited by some ladies to witness the wonder with my own eyes. I gladly accepted the invitation. We passed the Old Colony House, and soon turned into a lane leading through a young growth of oaks, savins, birches and maples. Here we found an abundance of autumnal wild flowers, with forest leaves of all hues, which we gathered at pleasure as we went along. Following this road for a short half mile, we came to a large, gloomy looking house situated on the border of an artificial pond, near which was an iron foundry. In this house, we made inquiries for our heroine and her fishes, and were told, that in a few moments she would favor us with her presence; but that the weather was now so cold, there was some doubt whether her aquatic friends would be 'at home' at her call. While we were yet making our inquiries, the little 'lady of the lake' was pointed out as coming towards us, and we started to meet her.

"There she was, sure enough! A little girl, perhaps five years old, neatly dressed, and bearing a little basket of bread in her hand! She approached the margin of the pond, which is about 200 feet from the house; and, drawing near, we inquired if she thought we should be favored with a sight of her pets. She replied, 'I don't know—it is so cold. Little fishy don't like to come now—but I guess they want some supper.' She now took her station on a stone that was partially in the water, and began to call her friends in the following manner:

"Come, little fishy! Come, get your supper! Don't be afraid! Nobody hurt you, fishy! Come! come!"

"And sure enough the turtle came to the surface, and took from her hand a piece of bread, and then started for his hiding-place to eat, or feed his young. I was now informed, that it was the little girl's practice to feed this *protege* twice a day; but that if she omitted it for a few hours, the turtle would leave the water, and go towards the house to meet her, and when they did meet, she would take him up, feed him, and then restore him to the water.

"After feeding the turtle, she again called to the fishes as before. Her little hand, holding a bit of bread, was thrust partially in the water, and, in a moment, it was surrounded by a hundred little fishes, measuring from one to three inches in length, who picked the small crumbs that she dropped from her tiny fingers. In a few moments more, a larger kind of fish which the call pouts, crowded round her hand. Thus for half an hour did they seem to come by turns, and receive from her their food,—she, all the while, prattling to them as only a child could prattle, of its own spontaneous light-heartedness. Our curiosity was now more than satisfied, and fearing lest little Helen would take cold from keeping her hand too long in the water, we started for the village, after making further inquiries at the foundry in regard to this interesting child.

"We learned, that about two years ago she and her brother, who was about two years old, commenced feeding the fishes by throwing crumbs in the water. In a short time the children thus attracted them to the shore, and finally taught them to feed from their own hands. About a year since, the little girl lost her companion and brother, he died; and Helen is now left alone to feed with her own hand her brother's pets.

"Now, fair readers, our true story is ended, permit us to advise you when another summer blesses us with its smiles, to go and see what we have seen,—and if you have little ones, take them with you and show them what innocence, purity and uniform kindness can accomplish.

"Lovers are supposed, by the 'world's people,' to be guilty of doing and saying many foolish and unreasonable things. We beg to commend the following reasonable wishes of Mr. Toots,—in Dickens' new work of 'Dombey & Son,'—to the attention of our readers, as an example of what a quiet and sensible man will say under such circumstances:

"'Captain Gills,' said Mr. Toots, gesticulating violently with the hand in which he held his hat, 'Admiration is not the word. Upon my honor, you have no conception what my feelings are. If I could be died black, and made Miss Dombey's slave, I should consider it a compliment. If, at the sacrifice of all my property, I could get transmigrated into Miss Dombey's dog—I really think I should never leave off wagging my tail. I should be so perfectly happy, Captain Gills!'"

"The Tar on a Jackass.—A hardy son of the ocean in returning to his ship after the taking of Vera Cruz, captured a donkey, and immediately mounted him, but seating himself on the ramp, the animal kicked up, and came near throwing him off. A soldier told him to sit further toward the middle and he would not kick so. The tar replied—'I'll see you bowed first; this is mine, and I'd like to know who will stop me from riding on the quarter deck of my own jacksass.'"

"The Effect. The Bath Times says: 'Street rows are beginning to be as common here as in New York.' Very well, neighbor; you have a city charter,—that follows as a matter of course. A city without rows would be an anomaly indeed.

## Fault Finding.

"Do not think of knocking out another person's brains, because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational for you to knock yourself on the head, because you differ from yourself ten years ago."

The above is a Text, from which a very useful Sermon might be preached. What consummate folly for one man to set himself up as a pattern, *par excellence*, for the rest of mankind; to believe himself always right, and every other individual wrong; to set down his judgment and his views as paramount to all others. In a world like this, where there is so little perfection, and so few universal geniuses, it is not at all surprising that men should differ in opinions!

What one man, or body of men, would pronounce most excellent,—another will condemn as trashy and worthless. We see this principle illustrated in everything through life. It is the case with all the literary productions of the day; with all works of artistic and mechanical skill; with the efforts of public men, and private individuals.

It is the nature of some people to be eternally finding fault,—and those who endeavor to please everybody, almost invariably please nobody! So, upon the whole, it is best for every man to take an independent course, according to the dictates of his own conscience; to be tolerably well satisfied with himself,—taking the world, and all things in it, as they are; and always attach such weight to the opinions of others, as they are justly entitled.

[w.]

## Smoking

Is, at best, a vile and filthy habit, all admit. But when practiced in public places, it becomes almost an enormity.—Whether travelling, or at home; on the steamboat, or in the rail-car; in a secluded walk, or the more busy thoroughfare,—one is constantly meeting with this annoyance. Still, if a man can find any real enjoyment in smoking, we are the last individual who would wish to deprive him of the pleasure. But in the practice of our own enjoyments, we should have a due regard for the rights of others. The following playful satire is not bad:

"I knew by the smoke that so lazily curled From his lips 'twas a *buff* I happened to meet And I said 'if a nuisance there be in this world, 'Tis smoking cigars in a frequented street.' 'Twas night, and the ladies were numerous around And in many an eye shone the glittering tear; But the leader pulled, and I heard not a sound. Save the short hacking cough of some smoke-smitten deer."

[w.]

MAKING THE BEST OF IT! The following is the first proclamation of the Alcalde of Mexico, after the occupation of the city by our troops. He writes in the style and spirit of a good magistrate and a profound philosopher!

"It is known to all that the Mexican forces which were defending this city sometime past have fled, and that the North Americans have entered. Immediately after the ingress of the latter commissioners appointed by this municipal body were despatched to their Commander-in-Chief, to inquire if his occupation would be pacific, and if the lives and properties of all, individually and collectively, would be respected. His reply, coinciding as it did, with the dictates of humanity, justice and liberality, renders it incumbent upon all the citizens and people of this city to reciprocate it, by a comportment modest and peaceable, and at the same time devoid of anything unbecoming the honor and character of the Mexican people. Whilst Mexicans could resist, they did so nobly, but fortune having shown herself unpropitious, and the Mexican army having abandoned the capital, it is certain that all hostility on our part, besides being inefficient to our country, would be not only imprudent, under the present circumstances, but absolutely reprehensible in the highest degree. The duty, then, of all the unarmed citizens of the city is to conduct themselves in the most tranquil manner, relinquishing to the providence of the nation those things that belong to it, and to it only.

Fellow countrymen, be assured that the municipal authorities will be unceasingly occupied, in common with the Commander-in-Chief of the North Americans, in devising all possible means for the preservation of public order and tranquility, and the protection of individual rights, and those of society at large.

Mexicans, convinced of your forbearance and moderation, we have decided upon remaining in our present position, the discharging of whose municipal duties is as difficult as the occupying of it by us is painful.

Your countryman and sincere friend, MANUEL L. VIERMEDI, Mexico, Sept. 11th, 1847."

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XI.—This king appears to have been outwitted by an astrologer, who had foretold that a lady whom he loved would die in eight days, which took place. The unlucky prophet was ordered before the king, and on a signal to be thrown out of the window.

"You, who pretended to be such a wise man," said the king, "knowing so well the fate of others, tell me this moment what will be your own, and how long you have to live?" Whether the fellow guessed his fate, or had been threatened by the messenger, he replied, without testifying any fear, "I shall die just three days before your Majesty." The king, upon this, was not in the smallest hurry to enter the prophetic out of the window, but, on the contrary, took particular care to let him wait for nothing, and to make him live as long as possible.

The three most beautiful words in the English language are—mother, home, and Heaven. A young gentleman, newly married, says that all the beauty and happiness connected with the above three are associated with one word, wife!

## Typhus Fever.

Dr. WILLIAM McLEOD, in a note to the People's Journal, says that typhus fever cannot be arrested by any drug or medicinal means. Bleed and blister, purge and calomelize, or stimulate, and the average number of deaths remain the same from this disease. Dr. McLeod, who is a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, does not write in this way "to disparage the art of medicine; but to induce the regular practitioners to investigate, and society to become acquainted with a practice which, in typhus, will save ninety-six out of every hundred attacked with it," if resorted to in the earlier stages.

This is the plan of treatment recommended:

Place the patient, as soon as possible, in a sheet well wrung out in cold water. This sheet should be laid on a blanket extended on a mattress: which should be wrapped close round the patient, as high as the neck. Let the blanket be folded tightly over, so as to exclude the external air, and two other blankets or a small feather-bed be added. Repeat the process every time the patient becomes restless or uncomfortable, until the dry, hot skin has become softer and more prone to perspiration, and the fever entirely subsided, even should its repetition be necessary every ten minutes, or should the fever last twenty-four hours. Immediately after each envelope, the patient should be washed in a slipper bath, or common tub, the temperature of the water being seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, or thereabouts. The head should be shaved, and bandages wrung out of cold water kept applied, changing them each time they become warm, until all headache is removed. A similar bandage should be folded once round the stomach, carefully and closely covered by three folds of dry cloth to prevent evaporation. Let the patient drink as much cold water as he pleases during the whole course of the disease, a free circulation kept up, and the room be cool.

The process of Dr. McLeod will usually overcome the fever in twenty-four hours. For three days thereafter however, let the wet sheet envelope be applied morning, noon and afternoon—the patient remaining in each time for three-quarters of an hour, and the body be washed after each with water of the natural temperature. If the bowels be constipated, use every morning an injection of tepid water, as long as required. Gentle exercise and moderate diet should be used; all stimulants and medicines avoided.

We know nothing about medicine, and give this plan of treatment because we find it in a highly respectable journal, and published at a time when typhus is raging in every city in England. The Doctor speaks authoritatively. His position is unquestioned, and he affirms that "the average number of deaths from the epidemic will not exceed four out of every hundred of the worst cases, provided this plan of treatment be adopted sufficiently early."—People's Press.

## Description of Chapultepec.

Chapultepec having been captured by the Americans, after the most desperate resistance ever made by the Mexican army, the following account of that place cannot fail to prove interesting:

Chapultepec is the Aztec for "Grass-hopper's Hill." It is a porphyritic rock, rising near the former margin of the lake that surrounded the city of Mexico, and is one of the places designated by the Aztecs, where they buried on their emigration from the north in search of a final resting-place. Their oracles had foretold that resting-place would be denoted by their seeing an eagle devouring a serpent on a rock, and at Chapultepec, this prediction was verified. From it they beheld the eagle on one of the rocks in the lake, devouring a serpent. The event was at once symbolized in their records, and subsequently represented on the flag and coin of the nation. The hill is surrounded by a belt of noble cypress trees, one of which known as Montezuma's Cypress, from having been planted before or during the reign of that prince, measures fifty-four feet in circumference.

Chapultepec was the favorite country residence of Montezuma and his courtiers. It contains remains of gardens, groves, tanks, and grottoes, which bear evidence of its past magnificence. Here Montezuma retired from the heat and dust of the city, to enjoy all the luxuries wealth and power could procure, or devise. It was selected by the Spanish Viceroy as the most beautiful place in the valley of Mexico for a royal residence, and the modern palace (lately a military school) was built by the Viceroy Galvez.

From this palace one has a charming view of the whole valley, the capital, the lakes, and the volcanic mountains which rise in the distance like a great wall surrounding the enchanting picture. In Anglo-Saxon hands, this valley may be made as impregnable as Gibraltar.

Bombs or cannon, planted on the hill of Chapultepec, command the city, the principal roads, and the aqueduct. Hence the attack and capture of that point by Gen. Scott, before making any demonstration upon the city. Once on the hill, the taking of the city could be effected without serious loss of life.

BISHOP ONDERDONK.—As we understand it, says the New York Journal of Commerce, there is not now the slightest chance for the restoration of Bishop Onderdonk. He will probably receive an answer from the Board of Bishops, to the letter he addressed them, complaining of injustice, which will exhibit their opinion on this point. We are happy to learn that the discipline which has been exercised towards the late Bishop Onderdonk of Pennsylvania, has had the effect of working a thorough reformation in him, as to the practices which caused him to be deposed.

The Springfield Republican says that yesterday, while an Irishman was standing inside a new building in that city, a brick fell from the top and struck the back side of his head, breaking it into a number of pieces. He was promptly placed under medical treatment, and it is probable that he will survive the terrible accident.

## Disinterestedness of General Taylor.

The following is an extract from a letter of Col. Jefferson Davis, in reply to an invitation to attend a barbeque in the parish of Concordia, La., in honor of Gen. Taylor, shows why the advance on San Louis Potosi was not made, and places in a proper light the recommendation, on the part of Gen. Taylor, that a part of his force should be despatched to reinforce Gen. Scott.

DUNSMITH, Miss., Sept. 24th, 1847.

Valuable and brilliant as has been the public service of Gen. Taylor, attracting the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen throughout our broad Union, those who have known him best will equally remember and honor him for the purity and generosity, and unostentatious magnanimity of his private character. His colossal greatness is presented in the garb of the strictest republican simplicity; and to this, no doubt, in a great degree, may be referred the feeling you describe, when you say, "We are learning to regard him with a filial affection."

To speak of Gen. Taylor as one who has known him long and well, I will say, his life has been devoted to the service of his country, for no other reward than the consciousness of serving it well; and that, for many years past, the goal of his desire has been a private station, as soon as his official obligations would permit, to retire to the enjoyment of the sovereignty of a citizen of the United States.

Before closing, I will recur to a recent and characteristic exhibition of his disinterested patriotism. He was called on, by the Administration, for his opinion as to the best mode of prosecuting the war with Mexico. In view of the embarrassments which surrounded General Scott, and the importance of the operations in which he was engaged, Gen. Taylor recommended that a portion of his own command be sent to reinforce the southern column. For the good of his country, he sacrificed his long deferred hope of an advantage at the moment of its fulfillment, and doomed himself to the worst punishment of a soldier—inactive on a line of defence. For the good of his country, all personal ambition, all rivalry, were forgotten; he gave his vest also to the man who had taken his coat, and left him exposed to the storms of Buena Vista.

Permit me to offer you for the occasion.—

Gen. Taylor.—The soldier who 'never surrenders,' the citizen whose love is 'for the country, the whole country,' the man whose sacrifices are all of himself.

Very respectfully, yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WALDO SHOW AND FAIR. The first festival of the Waldo Society occurred on 20th ult. The Belfast Journal thus briefly notices it:

"The first exhibition of the new Agricultural Society, at Belmont, on Wednesday was numerously attended from all parts of the County, and the articles on exhibition both ample and choice. The animals were particularly worthy of notice, there being a large number of apparently fine breed, and great strength and beauty. There was a good exhibition of fruit, though rather limited in variety; the apples were of various kinds, and we noticed some grapes raised in Camden, which were quite ripe and of good flavor, and some we believe from other towns.—There were Ploughs, of excellent manufacture; and manufactures of leather, &c. worthy of particular commendation. The ladies displayed some very choice specimens of their skill and good taste, and added materially thereby to the interest of the occasion. We shall next week be able to present the reports of the several Committees, and remark more fully on the exhibition. The interest evinced was very gratifying, and promises well for the future. All that was wanted, was a good start in the matter, and this appears to have exceeded general expectation."

YELLOW FEVER ANECDOTE.—Under this head the N. O. Delta relates the following:—

"'Doctor,' said the dying man, opening his languid eyes, 'how long do you think I will live?'"

"My poor friend," answered the physician, wiping the tears from his spectacles, "I do not think you can live more than twenty-four hours."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the dying man, "don't say that! But still, if I can't live, I suppose I must bend to the will of Providence!"

The dying man covered over his face with the bed clothes, and the physician not being able to endure the scene, was just about to depart, when his patient called out to him, "'Doctor, what do you think it will cost for my funeral?'"

"My poor friend," answered the humane physician, with tears in his eyes, "it will not cost much—probably not more than \$25."

The dying man started up in his bed, and raising his hands as though he was going to exorcise a ghost, exclaimed in the most pitiable tones, "'Oh no Doctor, don't say that! I can't afford to pay \$25 to be buried. It is higher than other people pay and I can't afford it!'"

So saying, the young gentleman sunk back and wept like Niobe. Although worth some four or five thousands dollars in solid cash, he couldn't afford to die because his funeral would cost him \$25.—The meanness of his disposition striking into his system, drove the fever out, and he recovered.

SINGULAR MEETING OF FRIENDS. At the vast Church of the Madeleine, at Paris, during the last summer, a bridal was performed at one altar, and at the same moment a funeral service at another. Both the principal actors were draped in white, and for the first time crowned with white flowers, and both bound to a new dwelling for the first time. As the two processions went out, the bride discovered, by the parents in the mourning train, that the corpse they followed was that of her school-fellow and friend from infancy, of the same age, and the most intimate companion she had ever known. They had been separated by some family difference for the few previous months, and this met once more, and for the last time. The equipages of the bride were of great magnificence, but the contrast between them and the mourning carriages, were but a faint type of the deeper contrasts involved in the spectacle.



## From Mexico.

A telegraphic-report to the morning papers communicates a few particulars of the news brought by the James L. Day, from Vera Cruz, Oct. 19.

Santa Anna commenced cannonading the American works at Puebla from three different points on the 27th ult, at 5 o'clock P. M., when the Americans commenced throwing bombs, cannon shot, &c. into the centre of the city, which suffered severely.

At 8 o'clock the firing ceased. The next day Santa Anna put up breastworks of cotton bales and the firing was renewed, on both sides, which was continued all day, ceased during the night, but was renewed the next morning, and kept up at intervals till the 30th.

On the 1st ult, at the head of 2000 cavalry and infantry, and three pieces of artillery, sallied out to attack the American trains. He reached Perote on the 4th ult, and soon after all his men except 1300 Hussars pronounced against him, accusing him of incapacity, attributing all the late disasters to him. Santa Anna reached Lepeyhuahua with his Hussars when he received orders from Queretaro to repair thither with his forces. He refused and took up the line of march for Oaxaca, to recruit his army and return and combat the enemy.

Gen. Pena y Pena was discharging the functions of President at Queretaro, and refused to recognise the associates appointed by Santa Anna and proposed that Congress should elect new ones. A report prevailed at Vera Cruz that the Penas Rangers sent out to attack the guerrillas, had all been cut off but two. A difficulty had occurred in the Massachusetts regiment. Gen. Cushing had dismissed 50 men. Gen. Lane had arrived at Perote on the 4th. Capt. Wells had been honorably acquitted.

Four thousand men with a heavy train, were about to leave Vera Cruz for the South. Rumor said that Gen. Patterson would march against a new State of Mexico not yet invaded. All was quiet at the National Bridge. The Legislature of the department of Vera Cruz assembled at Huastecapala on the 27th. Arco Iris says Herrera had assembled 10,000 men of the National Guards at Queretaro.

Major Webster has arrived at New Orleans.

FROM ITALY. The packet ship Zurich, from New York, from Havre, Oct. 5, brings a little news from Italy. The following items are communicated in a telegraphic despatch to the morning papers of this city.

The common Council of Bologna had voted \$5000 to arm the National Guards. Six Austrian regiments were en route to form a military cordon on the Piedmontese frontier, and had already arrived at Milan. It was supposed that the Sardinian Government would take the same measures. It was said that Austria had already 6000 men on the line of the Po, between Piacenza and Ferrara. The Duke of Modena had re-entered his dominions with the reigning Duke and the hereditary Prince of Lucca.

THE PLURALITY AMENDMENTS. Additional returns from 11 towns and plantations reduce still further the majorities in favor of the plurality system. On the Governor question, the majority is now but 161; Senators, 431; Representatives, 990. We think there is little doubt that the two first are defeated. 39 towns and 30 plantations not yet returned. [Ken. Journal.]

SECULATIONS. A gentleman in this city, with whom we were well acquainted, purchased some years ago, a township of land in the State of Maine, for two cents and a half an acre—amounting to \$920. Some two or three years afterwards he sold the township for 47,000.—It has since changed proprietors once or twice, and in these changes one of them received \$14,000 for lumber taken from it. It has been sold within a few weeks for 180,000.—Boston Courier.

COAL IN MAINE. A New York paper says: "It is expected that it will not be necessary to import coal from Pictou for the large rolling mill now constructing in Boston, as a vein has been discovered on the St. Croix river in Maine, which is supposed to be a continuation of the great Pictou field.

DEATH BY TELEGRAPHIC WIRES. The Cincinnati Signal learns that on the 17th, as Mr. Sawyer a young gentleman of high respectability, was riding at a very fast rate to see a female acquaintance in Dearborn county, Indiana, he came up against the Telegraphic wires, which cut his throat, producing almost instant death.—The wires had been lowered for the purpose of making certain repairs on the line.—Boston Whig.

The potato rot in this vicinity is nearly universal. Crops which when they were dug were supposed to be perfectly sound, had rotted on the hands of the purchasers. Indeed, it is estimated that of the whole crop of Middlesex county, one half at least is rotten. Potatoes are selling here at a dollar and upwards a bushel. Boston Traveller.

ANOTHER. The Piscataquis Farmer, printed at Dover, Me. has left the world, for the rest of us to hustle in.

SNOW. At Quebec on the 23d ult. the ground was white with snow.

Thanksgiving in Michigan November 25. No other day has yet been appointed in any State.

The Richmond Enquirer calls Major Edward Webster "an improved edition of the father."

A patent has been taken out for dispensing with sewing in the manufacture of shirts, collars, and linen articles. The pieces are fastened together by indissoluble glue!

The Union says that no official despatches have been received from Gen. Scott since the 4th of June.

Letters received by the War Department, from Gen. Taylor, say nothing of Ureca's invasion, nor of Taylor's return.

A HANDSOME SPECULATION. A merchant in New York recently sold 500 boxes of lemons at \$12 dollars per box, making \$10 per box or \$5000 by the operation.

It has been said that "great Cities are great cities." It may be so, but it is not the case with many of them; but that there are exceptions, and that our neighbor, Boston, is such, seems to us none can deny. Look at the mighty moral influence she has and is exerting through the whole land! Look at her stand in favor of all those philanthropic objects which have for their end the elevation of the "great family!" She asks not, when appealed to, "is it expedient," but "is it right," and when the affirmative is given she is there! Who endow our Colleges and Seminaries of Learning? Who, with an open hand, but just now, "cast her bread upon the waters" to succor the starving of other lands? Who, with so liberal a hand finds labor for the countless hosts of "Saints Cultivators," who, homeless, seek here that which is denied them in the land of their birth—the boon of life—who, but the world-renowned citizens of Boston! Where is justice administered with such promptness and equity? and where are rogues ferreted out and brought to justice with such despatch as in Boston? Why, it was but the other day that a Clerk, of the employment of Saxtons of Oak Hall, was detected in a systematic course of robbery, having been for some time in the practice of conveying from the store small parcels of rich goods, and transmitting them to New York for sale. No sooner was the individual suspected, than through the agency of the ever active police, he was detected, and about \$1000 worth of goods restored. The man's stolen is not known. You will see, at a glance, on visiting SIMMONS' OAK HALL, that where there is a wish to abuse confidence reposed, there is a limitless field. And your conviction will be that at Oak Hall, where thousands of dollars worth of property can be taken and not missed, save by accident, is the place to buy cheap either at wholesale or retail; and that the man who places such limitless confidence in others, must himself be the price of good fellows and the very man of whom to make purchases. See Advertisement.

JEROME & Co's Advertisement will be seen in another column. This is a name that has now been long and favorably known to the public. The waggish good nature, sparkling jokes and not bad poetry of the man of the "Old Tin Case," have made him, wherever known, a universal favorite. And added to this, in the thickest fog of a down-east snorter and through the most pelting snow-storms of our Maine winters—"ahead of time and steam"—the messages entrusted to him have always safely reached their destination. Thus favorably known by being "summoned and wintered," according to the old proverb, we are sure the public will not forget still to appreciate his merits.

BASE INEXIGATION. Some hapudent fellow, who deserves to have his ears boxed soundly, unblushingly asks: "Did you ever see a lady take a sent, who didn't rise again to fix her dress?" None of your business, sancebox.

THE PRESIDENT has called upon Michigan for more troops.

There have been 56 vessels built in this town the present season.

THE CAMBRIA sailed from Boston on the 1st, for Liverpool with 73 passengers, and 18 for Halifax.

Mr Weston has retired from the editorial chair of the Cold Water Fountain.

The Ladies belonging to the Library Association, are requested to meet at Mr. Simon Litchfield's on the 29th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M.

A punctual attendance is requested.

A gentleman from Vermont writes as follows: Mr. S. W. Fowle—Dear Sir: For several years past my usually good health has been occasionally interrupted by spells of coughing, produced by colds; a year ago last winter I was brought to the verge of the grave by a very severe cough, accompanied with pain in both sides, between the shoulders, &c., which with long continued night sweats, and other alarming symptoms, reduced me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I consulted physicians and tried the various remedies of the day, but none of them cured me. At last I procured Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and it saved my life; I have not enjoyed better health for many years, therefore I can recommend others who need it to try it. SAMUEL BENTLEY. Cambridge, Vt. June 18, 1846.

For Sale by C. A. Macomber, East Thomaston: T. Fogg, Thomaston; Wm. H. Barnard, Waldo; Joseph Jones, Camden. Sold also by agents throughout the State.

LIVER COMPLAINT, can be cured without resorting to mercury, if you will only use Brown's Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters.

To Mr. F. Brown, Proprietor of the Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters:—This certifies that my wife was severely afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and her health, after being very seriously undermined. Having tried various prescriptions, without success, she was fortunately induced to try your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, her health soon began to improve, and she is now much better in health, and would advise any one in ill health to use them.

Yours, &c., CHAS. CARLE. Portland, Me., June 5, 1846.

See that the name of F. BROWN is signed to the Directions which accompanies the Bottle.

For Sale by C. A. Macomber and L. K. Kimball, E. Thomaston, C. Prince.

MARRIAGES. In this town, by N. C. Fletcher, Mr. Horatio N. Bartlett to Miss Margaret C. Morse. Mr. Robert Speed to Miss Eliza M. Snowball.

In this town, by Rev. R. Woodhull, Mr. Comfort L. Keen to Miss Olive A. Lindsey.

(Our unmarried lady-readers noting the Ken disclaimer of Miss O., in thus providing a comforter for the cheerless winter hours of life, will please govern themselves accordingly.)

DEATHS. In Belfast, 23d ult., Amelia A. wife of Albert Merrill, Esq., of this town, aged 28 years.

In Portland, 31st ult. Sarah F. Waterhouse, aged 20 years.

In Bristol, Mrs. Rachel Fuller, aged 99.

Gazette Marine List.

PORT OF EAST THOMASTON ARRIVED.

25th ult. Ship Arvum, A. G. Spear, Captain.

26th Sch. Tasso, Fuller, Boston.

27th Equid, Ingraham, do.

28th Averger, Simons, do.

29th Mary Langdon, Cobb, for Bangor for New Bedford.

SAILLED.

29th ult. Sch. Eagle, Haskell, New York.

30th Bark Nebuchadnezzar, Rich, Carleton, Havana.

31st Sch. Lucy White, Jackson, N. York.

31st Ann Denham, Patten, do.

2d inst. Brig. Keelson, Carney, Machias.

Leave from the yard of Master C. Starrett the Brig AMULET 200 tons, to be commanded by Capt. John Spofford.

## Fashionable Millinery, AND HIGH FANCY GOODS.

MISS F. J. KIRKPATRICK, HAS recently selected and is now opening, a Rich and desirable Assortment of Fall and Winter Millinery:

Consisting of the latest and most fashionable style of

Straw, Silk, Satin, Plush, and Velvet BONNETS.

Together with a choice and elegant selection of Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers.

CAPS & HEAD-DRESSES, Gimps & Fringes, Dress & Cloak Trimmings.

All of which may be obtained at reduced prices. Merchandise promptly made to order.

Grateful for her numerous patrons for former patronage, she again tenders her services to the community, in the various branches of Millinery. [Huf.]

Removal. MOODY E. THURLOW, WOULD inform his numerous friends and customers, that he has removed into CHAS. H. HARRIS' beautiful and commodious Black Block, on the 2d floor, where he would solicit from a generous public a continuance of their patronage.

He takes this occasion to return to the public his grateful acknowledgments for their generous patronage in times past and promises his utmost exertions in the prosecution of his business, to give general satisfaction for the future. E. Thomaston, Nov. 2, 1847. 41

JEROME & Co's EXPRESS! OLD LINE.

THE undersigned would thank their friends and the public generally for the very liberal support and confidence extended to us in times past, and respectfully request a continuance of the same, trusting that the safety and promptness of their business thus far, will be a sufficient guaranty for the future.

By a new arrangement, W. H. Moore, is now a Conductor of our Express.

The Express is now per Steamer Penobscot, Mondays and Thursdays, as usual. An Iron Chest always on board.

Due notice will be given of our Winter arrangement. JOHN J. JEROME. JOHN A. JEROME. Nov. 3, 1847.

CHAS. A. MACOMBER, Agent, E. Thomaston.

The Boston Almanac, for 1848.

THE subscriber respectfully announces to the numerous patrons of this little work, that the number for the ensuing year will be forthcoming at the usual time. The Business Directory has been thoroughly revised and corrected, and there have been other improvements, which it is believed will render the Almanac for 1848 equally as attractive as any of its predecessors. It is intended to give in this number a complete transcript of all the inscriptions at Burial Places, thus giving to the country a record or directory of that interesting city of the dead.

B. B. MESSY & Co., 29 Cornhill, and Thos. Grover, 82 State Street, are the Publishers. Boston, Oct. 25, 1847. S. N. DICKINSON.

THE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT BOSTON!

For years the First and ONLY HOUSE, which has adhered to the Right System of LOW PRICES

For Gentlemen's Clothing, is that widely known and universally celebrated CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

OAK HALL GEO. W. SIMMONS, Proprietor.

The excellence of the plan which he originally designed, and which has been by him so successfully prosecuted, is not only

APPRECIATED BY THE PUBLIC, but, to some extent, Approved by the Trade—at least so far as the imitations lately introduced give evidence of their approbation of the only true and perfect system, which

ENSURES TO BUYERS Every description of

Gentlemen's Clothing, at the Lowest Scale of Prices!!

The elegant display of Goods at SIMMONS' OAK HALL, Embracing the latest Importations from LONDON AND PARIS,

Are Manufactured under his own personal superintendence and direction; and affords to Gentlemen who would save upon old prices, full

30 to 40 per cent. in the purchase of a good suit of Clothes Well Cut and Well Made,

a complete opportunity of selecting from the largest Stock Every Variety of ELEGANT CLOTHING,

AND DRESS GOODS, Now in the United States,

And which may be had by CITIZENS & STRANGERS

In addition to a SUPERB ASSORTMENT OF CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

LOWER RATES Than can be purchased at any other establishment on the face of the Globe, and at PRICES LESS Than ever before offered, even at

SIMMONS'. Entrance at No. 32

OAK HALL, Nos. 32, 34, 36, and 38 Ann St.

Near the head of Merchants' Row BOSTON. 3m

Attention!

IS invited to the largest and cheapest Stock of CLOTHES, SATINETS, VESTINGS, and TAILORS' TRIMMINGS ever offered to the citizens of Thomaston.

CARLE & MOFFETT, MERCHANT TAILORS.

HAVE just rec'd from Boston extensive additions to their stock of goods, making their assortment of CLOTHES and GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS nearly complete, which they offer at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction; together with a seasonable lot of

Ready Made Clothing; and many articles for the Ladies, such as—sheetings, tickings, flannels, Eng. and Am bleached Goods, Scotch and Russia Diapers, Crash, Calicoes, silk warp Alpaca, Carpet-bags, &c. Patronage respectfully solicited. 140. Oct. 28

## NEW GOODS! NEW FASHIONS!

Miss A. Lindsey, HAS just returned from Boston and is now opening at her shop, Main Street, (opposite Steamboat Street) a New and

SELENDANT ASSORTMENT of MILLINERY GOODS, consisting in part of

Winter Bonnets, SILKS, SATINS, PLUSHES AND VELVETS, suitable for

Also, a great variety of STRAW BONNETS of the latest styles. RIBBONS of every style and quality suitable for the season. CATS—Wings—Flowers and Head-dresses of every description.

Miss Lindsey will receive the Parisian Fashions every month on the arrival of the British steamers. Miss L., grateful to her numerous friends and patrons for past favors, invites the attention of the ladies of New Fashions, and judge of good taste and who like low prices, to call and examine her goods and prices for themselves, and then to purchase wherever they find the best inducements. E. Thomaston, Oct. 11th 1847. 153w.

PERRY & TOWLER, MANUFACTURERS OF CIGARS:

From Foreign and Domestic Tobacco. E. THOMASTON, ME.

WANTED. Immediately three or four girls who are acquainted with the manufacturing of Sixes. 40 w.

Fall and Winter Bonnets.

THE Ladies of East Thomaston and vicinity, wishing to furnish themselves with New and FASHIONABLE FALL and WINTER

BONNETS, are respectfully invited to call on

E. A. & C. B. HASKELL, who, having just returned from Boston, are now opening a new and splendid assortment of SILKS, Satins, Velvets and Flashes, also Ribbons, Feathers and Flowers, of the latest style, and of the best quality. Also Fancy Goods of all descriptions, embracing Lace Fringes, Gimpes and Buttons, Lace and mourning Veils, also wrought and morning collars. A large variety of Caps and head-dresses of the latest style, constantly on hand. The Misses H. also have on hand a large assortment of Florence Pearl and straw bonnets of the latest style, from the Boston and New York Manufacturers.

Mourning made to order at the shortest notice. East Thomaston, Oct. 26, 1847. 2w no 40.

QUINCY HALL RE-OPENED:

—WITH— Better Bargains Than Ever.

FOR OUR NUMEROUS FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS.

JOHN SIMMONS & CO'S ONE PRICE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.

AT QUINCY HALL.

The spacious Rooms recently occupied by the Mechanic's Fair are now RE-OPENED with an Entirely New and Fashionable STOCK OF

READY MADE CLOTHING! Surpassing any thing of the kind ever offered in

WE HAVE ON HAND Over Sacks.

15,000 blue, black and brown Cloth and Beaver Sacks, \$8.00 to 20.00.

Peltoes and Frocks. 10,000 Tweed Cashmere and Cloth Peltoes and Frocks, \$4.00 to 12.00.

Cloaks. 1,000 Mober and black Pilot and Cloth Cloaks, \$5.00 to 25.00.

Sacks. 1000 Siberian and Cadron Sacks, \$5 to 10.00. 5000 Tweed Sacks, 2.50 to 6.00. 5000 blk & drab Satinet Frocks and Sacks, \$3.00 to 6.00.

Blanket Coats. 2,000 blue Blanket and Felting Sacks and Suits, \$5.00 to 9.00.

Dress and Frock Coats. 5,000 blue, black and brown Dress and Frock Coats, \$8.00 to 20.00.

Pants. Fine ribbed and plain Dooskin Pants, \$1 to 6. 10,000 fine black, plaid and Cassimere, do 4 to 6. 2,000 Canada Grey, Satinet and beaver do 2 to 3. 2,000 Jean and Beaver do 1 to 2.

Vests. 5,000 rich silk, satin, and Velvet Vests, 4 to 7. 1,000 do do do 2 to 4. 1,000 plaid Cashmere and figured D. B. do 2 to 4. 5,000 assorted Valencia and Cloth do 75cts to \$1.

Furnishing goods. Red Flannel Drawers, Shirts and Undershirts, stripe Straps, Overall, and Denim Frocks, in any quantities.

Boys' Clothing OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ALWAYS ON HAND.

Dealers in Clothing and Strangers visiting Boston, will find it for their interest to call and select from the Largest and the Cheapest Stock of Ready Made Clothing in the City, and at prices that they will find satisfactory.

QUINCY HALL ONE PRICE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.

ENTRANCE West Door, in South Market St.

JOHN SIMMONS & Co. QUINCY HALL, BOSTON. 2mo

The Boston and Thomaston RAIL ROAD, IS NOT YET COMPLETED!

OF O. B. FALES has recently received at his new brick store, an immense stock of

DRY GOODS, W. I. Goods, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Provision, &c., &c., embracing almost every article necessary to satisfy the numerous wants of men at women—all of which will be sold at prices which must give satisfaction. New Goods received by almost every Steamer. Oct. 29, 1847.

To the Ladies!

NOTHING lot of these fashionable Plaid Long Shawls, have arrived at WHITING'S Boston Cash Store, opposite Corbett's Tavern, Maine St., to which your attention is particularly invited.

THE 25th Vol. of MAINE REPORTS, just received by J. WAKEFIELD.

## Lime Rock Dispensatory!

Maine, opposite Steamboat St.

AT this establishment may be found a large assortment of the purest Medicines, Chemicals, and Perfumery—Animal, Vegetable, Mineral and Patent. The stock comprises—

Musk, Castor, Sassafras, Cod-liver Oil, Composition, Best Cayenne, Poppy Leaves, Golden Seal, Bitter Root, Mandrake, Gum Myrrh, Opium, Kino, Catuaba, Benzoin, Potato Flour, Sassa, Tapioca,

Tamarinds, Mace, Saffron, Manna, Ipecac, Extract of Colocynth, Cinnamon, Gentian, Dandelion, Hulseane, Quinine, Jalene, Quicksilver, Calomel, Red Precipitate, Corrosive Sublimate, Iodide of Iron, Refined Nitric,

Shakers' Roots and Herbs; Pure Turkey Rhubarb, Red and Yellow Purgative Bark, Sassafras and Cape Aloe, Bermuda Arrow Root, Castor and Olive Oil, Hard Extract of Sassafras, Salphate and Acetate of Morphine, Pulverised Opium, pure; Pepsin, Iodide of Mercury, Ammonia Turbide of Iron, Pure Nitrate of Silver, Sulphate of Iron and Copper, Carbonate and Citrated Magnesia, Prepared Chalk, Carbamate of Ammonia, Concentrated do., Hydriodate of Potash, Sulphate do., Plasters of all kinds.

Kelly & Co's Sarsaparilla, Ransom & Stevens' Dandelion and Tomato Purgative; Benson's, Richardson's, Hardij's, Goodwin's, Jackson's, Buzzell's and Mitchell's BITTERS; Hunter's Pulmonary Balsam, Montague's Indian Lung Syrup, Carter's Compound Pulmonary Balsam, Brodier's Compound Syrup of Indian Turnip, Doct. Truffaut's Compound Buckhorn Syrup; Lind's, Leighe's, Asiatic and Kidney's Liniment. A great variety of Pills, Pain Killers, &c. Teeth, Hair, Nail and Lash Brushes. Friction Bells and Mittens. French Gum Arabic Drops; Lemon Syrup; Paste; Extracts for the Handkerchief; French, German and American Cologne; Cosmetics and Fancy Soaps.

With a great variety of other articles, usually kept in an Apothecary store. All articles dispensed by the subscriber, warranted.

Physicians' orders thankfully received, and promptly executed.

MEMORIE CHESTERS, for Vessels or Families, furnished or replenished, by R. T. SLOCUMB. [Huf. 10.]

STOVES

HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENT

Maine St., near head of Knox Street, WEST THOMASTON.

G. W. FRENCH, DEALER IN

THE most improved, and other patterns of Stoves and House Cooking, Furner, Shop and Saloon STOVES; Common and Franklin Grates;

FRANKLIN FIRE FRAMES, Fire Sets, Stove Shelves, Cast and Rust in Iron Furnace Receivers, Coal Hods, Flat Irons, Collie Mills, Ash, Pig, Oven and Baking DOORS, Cauldrons, Long Furnaces; Soap Stone, Sheet Zinc, Lead, Copper, Iron, Tin, &c., &c.

LEAD PIPE, Copper & Iron House, and Vessels' Pumps, Sewer and Single Cask Pumps; Sheet Iron, Tin, Copper, Japan & Britannia Ware.

SEA STOVES, The Boston Fast Sailing SHIPS' CABOSES, for burning Wood or Coal—this Stove is pronounced by the most competent judges, to be the very best article that has ever been produced in this country or Europe, suitable for vessels of any description or size, from 50 to 2000 tons. Also, at this establishment may be found the following Stoves:

BOSTON, ATLANTIC, PECKSKILL, PARAGON, STEWARTS', VOSES', SARGENTS', JAMES', WAGES', TROY, QUACKENBOS', GREEN'S, WASHINGTON IMPROVED, DAY'S, &c. &c.

ALBANY WASHINGTON, REVOLVING FLUE, STEWARTS IMPROVED.

N. B. Old Stoves, or other Cast Iron, Copper, Brass, Block Tin, &c., taken in exchange. Nov. 2.

FOR BOSTON.

The Elegant



